

OUR GREATEST DAY.

The Iron Duke said that Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton. By the same token we are rearing an unexampled race of war heroes. A thousand tennis courts and baseball diamonds testify to it and the bunkers of a hundred golf links show where aspiring youths are climbing their first San Juan Hills.

These reflections are prompted by the extent to which the Fourth has become a day of outdoor sports, one second in that respect only to Decoration Day. Some may think this manner of observing the day indicative of a deterioration of the patriotic spirit. Is it a worse use of it than that of the time when the training band turned out to hear the "Declaration" read and recited home at night heavily laden with "flip"? The precious document is somewhat thirst-producing to the listener. The dust gathers on it now, but if its immortal author were alive to see he would not unlikely say that the modern way is best. He was a philosopher who saw to the root of things and could detect a sham.

The scheduled sporting events that make a column of fine type in the newspapers do not mean that we have been weaned away from any high ideals of old. The tennis players and golf cranks will be ready for any call on their patriotism, though they may not fight as those who fired the shot heard 'round the world. They were an exceptional kind.

The Ninth's Homecoming.—The famous Ninth Infantry reached its home in Madison Barracks on the eve of the Fourth, a timely arrival. It returns with a record of 450 men lost by battle, wounds and disease within four years in Cuba and the Philippines. A glorious record, one showing the stuff of which the regiment is made and showing also the high price the nation pays for military distinction. We wish we could see the Ninth marching up Broadway.

MANILA'S FOURTH.

The Filipinos will contrast the general amnesty which the President grants those of them who are political prisoners with the garrote that was their fate in the days of Spanish dominion and realize how much better it is to be governed by a republic than by a monarchy. It is a great gain of its kind, though there may be a feeling that it has been dearly paid for in bloodshed. It may disconcert some of "the little brown men" to reflect that they have less of actual liberty than the American colonists had when they defied King George. Such a reflection is one of timely interest on this day when village orators recite our immortal covenant with ourselves that all men are and of right ought to be free and equal.

For Americans who stay to see the fireworks this evening a set piece representing Uncle Samuel as a benevolent person in the act of bestowing the blessings of liberty on a prostrate Filipino and freeing him from the shackles that bound him to an affete despotism ought to be an inspiring sight.

A Novelty in Detective Annals.—The determination of Brooklyn's 22,000 members of the Royal Arcanum to search for the burglar who shot Treasurer Latimer is something unique in detective annals. The greatest sleuth we have now, Sherlock Holmes, is an amateur, and his books may give them good tips on crime detecting. The assault on Latimer was one of the most atrocious acts of burglary of recent record and the discovery of the criminal would be a great feat.

A MISREPRESENTED MAN.

If you have tears prepare to shed them, at the bidding of Inspector Cross, over "poor old John McGurk"—McGurk of "Suicide Hall." Pity the sorrows of this poor old party, a confiding soul, fleeced out of thousands of extorted dollars, as his friend Cross asserts, by unscrupulous blackmailers and left a shorn lamb to the tender mercies of the wolves that plundered him!

Though this pity is belated it is better late than never. There have been those who held McGurk up to obloquy because of his dance hall, which to them was a den of debauchery. It was not so. There the kind-hearted and much-misunderstood man provided a hospitable home and haven for girls with whom the world had not gone well. He took a fatherly interest in these unfortunates, was solicitous always of their welfare and regarded of their good health. So far from being the dreadful person held up to popular reproach McGurk was the prize philanthropist of the Bowery. We have Cross's word for it. It has been his misfortune that fate has dealt unkindly with him in giving him the reputation by which the world has falsely judged him. But the truth is mighty and will out at last.

Mr. Roosevelt on Sports.—In his new book on "The Deer Family" President Roosevelt says: "The best test of the worth of any sport is the demand that sport makes upon those qualities of mind and body which, in their sum, we call manliness." It is an interesting definition. Does pugilism, "the manly art of self-defense," fill the bill?

MR. MORGAN'S ROYAL GORRINO.

J. Pierpont Morgan took lunch with Emperor William at Kiel yesterday. Three weeks ago he dined with King Edward. Previous to that he had been a guest at other royal tables and therefore the meat and drink with which monarchs nourish and regale themselves were no strangers to his alimentary canal and gave no jolt of surprise to his republican epiglottis. Still it was only by dining with Edward and lunching with William that he reached the apex of his prandial distinction.

James R. Keene, Charles M. Schwab and Mr. Morgan have all three been cheek by jowl with royalty this summer. It is true Mr. Keene did not have the pleasure of asking Edward VII. to pass the butter, but he no doubt got a sniff of the roast beef in the royal kitchen and came near being asked to stay to have a bite with the reigning family, so he must be included in the list with Mr. Schwab, who dined with the Emperor of Austria, and with Mr. Morgan, who has had a round of kingly meals since he reached the other side.

These American magnates, accustomed to the savor of palace dishes, can now gayly turn up their noses at the plebeian menus of the grab-it-quick restaurants and sans soul lunch carts around Wall street. The caterer who would catch their midday nicks should coax a chef or two from Buckingham Palace or the Koeniglicher Schloss and stamp the royal arms of England and Germany on all "sinkers" and "floating islands" that issue from his kitchen.

Pie and Candy.—A question of debate to the effect that "pie is conducive of more benefit to mankind than confectionery" has been settled in the affirmative at Belleville. Doubtless there was a preponderance of young men among the debaters. No maiden girl, no college girl graduate with recollections of "fudge," no true member of her sex anywhere could have voted "yes" to such a proposition.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Now doth the patriotic boy
The cannon cracker shoot;
And, with explosive bangs of joy,
For Independence root.

The barn he soon incinerates,
And blows holes in his pockets,
Then soars up through the Pearly Gates
Upon a bunch of rockets.

AN ECHO OF THE ROW.

"Does Senator Bailey still wear a low collar?"
"No. He's changed it for a 'choker'."

WHAT SPAIN TAUGHT US.

"How do they do honor to the Fourth of July at your place?"
"The same way they satisfied Spanish honor at Manila—by the sacrifice of a few lives."

UNFORTUNATE.

"I never borrow trouble."
"What a pity! It's the only thing any one would let you have without collateral."

BORROWED JOKES.

A BIG SUCCESS.

Shyl—Were your amateur theatricals a success?
Berly—An extraordinary success. Why, we were almost able to pay for the costumes used.—Baltimore Herald.

DESIGNS ON NEIGHBORS.

"Phoxy has opened a 'musical conservatory for beginners' in his house."
"The ideal! He doesn't know anything about music."
"I know, but he has some objectionable neighbors whom he wants to make move away."—Philadelphia Press.

MOVING AUDIENCES.

Ding—Spinks may not have dramatic talent, but I assure you he greatly moved the audience at that recent meeting.
Dong—He moved the audience?
Ding—I should say so; the cussed fool yelled "Fire!"—Baltimore Herald.

IT WAS HIS WAY.

Young Pawn—Please excuse that we, Miss Keener, I spoke without thinking, don't you know.
Miss Keener—Of course you did, my dear boy; how could you help it.—Richmond Dispatch.

SOMEBODIES.

MORTON, MISS ALICE—niece of the former Vice-President, is said to have introduced the cane-carrying fad among Chicago women.

PETTUS, SENATOR of Alabama, declares the secret of longevity to be: Work. He says those who get rich and retire early from business are apt to die. Who wouldn't run such a risk?

PORTUGAL, KING OF—is an ardent tennis player, devoting most of his spare time to that sport. Maybe ping-pong has not yet been introduced there.

SANTUELMANN, Lieut.-leader of the Marine Band at the White House, will prohibit ragtime there henceforth except in encores. In other words, those who applaud Beethoven's ninety-seventh symphony hard enough will be rewarded with the strains of "Ma Soft Coat Baby!"

WILSON, BISHOP of England, captained a cricket team a few days ago, made up of clergymen, who played against a team of marine officers. The clerics were victorious, the Bishop making 38 of the 122 runs.

BALM.

After the heat the dew
And the tender torch of twilight;
The unfolding of the few
Calm stars.

After the heat, the dew.

After the sun the shade,
And the bearded shadow;
Dim aisles for memory made,
And thought.

After the sun, the shade.

After all there is balm;
From the wings of dark there is
wafture
Of sleep—night's infinite palm—
And dreams.

After all, there is balm.
—Virginia Woodward Cloud in July Atlantic.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Reply to Discount Query.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Replying to letter of "Puzzled School-boy" I would say: A four months' note, dated Nov. 12, 1901, would be due March 12, 1902, and if discounted on Jan. 1, 1902, the discount would be computed on the time the note had to run; that is, from Jan. 1, 1902 to March 12, 1902, which is seventy days. \$75 for seventy days at 2 per cent. would be \$15. M. DAY.

Advice to "Handsome."
To the Editor of The Evening World:

A man signing himself "Handsome" says his good looks lead girls to flirt with him. "Handsome" is some little boy who looks too much in the glass for looks. After he has knocked around the world a little bit, or should say lived a little longer, he will get sense (like the general order of things) and he will settle down and marry some nice girl, and he will deny he ever wrote or

thought such things. Don't be too hard upon this young lord of creation. Perhaps he has a little more beauty than the average youth and if so you can't blame the girls for falling in love with him if he is as true as he is handsome. E.

Suburban Theatregoers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is to the interest of both patrons and theatrical managers that some regulation should be made in regard to the time of raising the curtain at the playhouses which remain open all summer. Scores upon scores of suburbanites journey to the city nightly to see some play, and many are compelled to leave before the end of the performance in order to catch their trains. At one theatre the curtain rises at 8:30 or 8:45 o'clock. The show is not over until 11:30 o'clock; and many people have to leave at 11 o'clock or thereabouts to get to the Grand Central Station in time to

catch their train. A friend of mine who lives in Dobbs Ferry has to get an 11:30 P. M. train or wait three hours. It is certainly not very pleasant when that occurs. Would it not be well for theatres to raise their curtains at 8:15 sharp, thus allowing all to see the entire play? It sometimes happens that there is a clever artist at the end of a performance whom suburbanites are deprived of seeing in order to catch their trains.

ALFRED CARLSON EDWARDS.
A "Press the Button" Age.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The age of dolce far niente is dawning. We're about to press the button and the current will do the rest—lighting, heating, cooking, washing, house-cleaning, &c. The poor horse, noblest of all dumb animals and our ever-willing servant, will soon have had his day, alas! Automobiles and electricity are putting an end to the sufferings inflicted upon

him by cruel, ungrateful, selfish man. He who is kind to dumb animals is generally good to his fellow-man. Kindness, liberality and unselfishness constitute the true practical religion. True friendship exists mainly among the poor. F. DECKMAN.

As to the Chemical Blonde.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

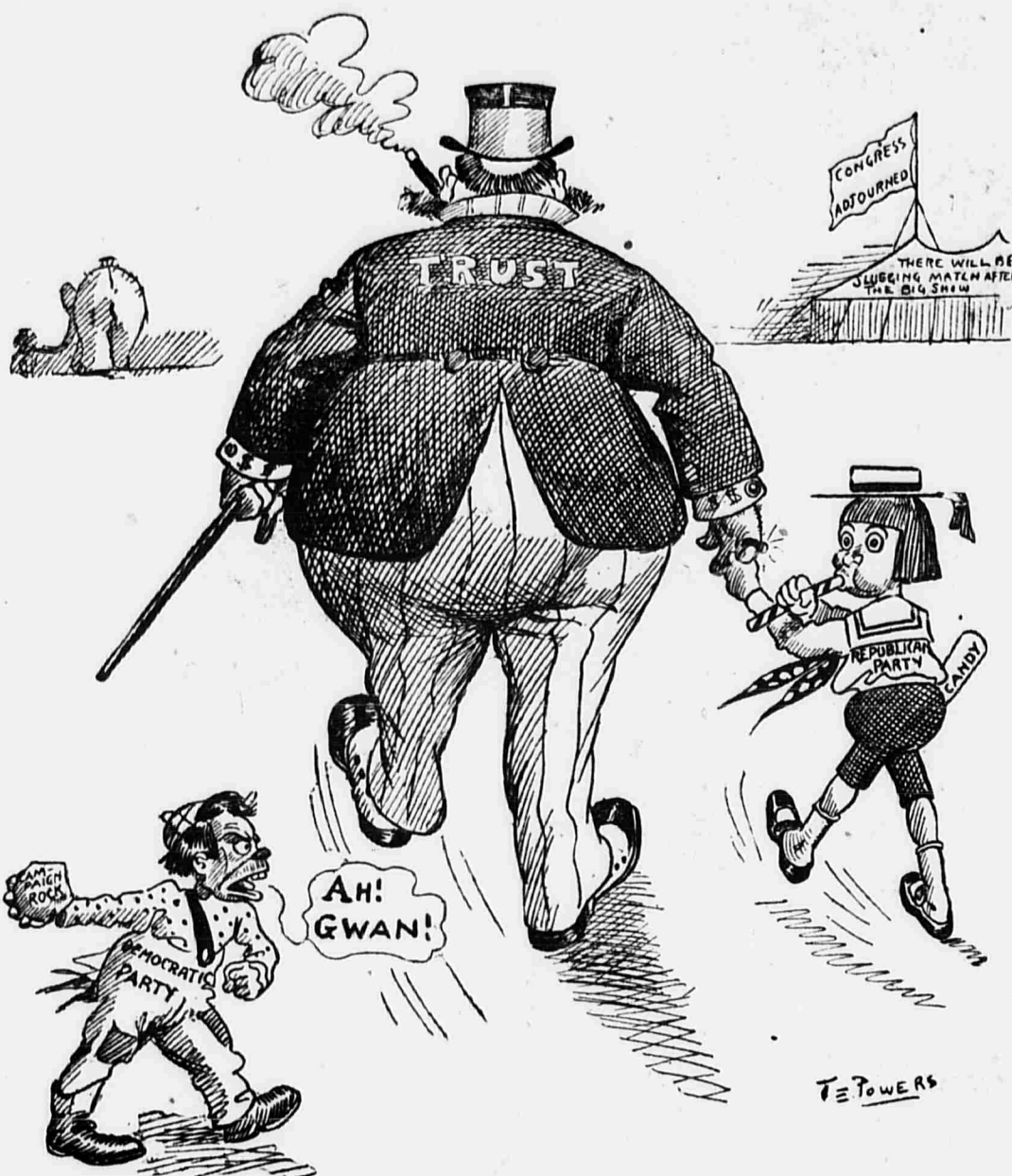
I notice what a lot of women bleach their hair nowadays. What do they do it for? Is there any particular charm in that hue? I see none.

DISGUSTED GEORGE.
In the "World Almanac."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would be greatly obliged if you could tell me where to find a copy of the New Jersey Game Laws.
FRANK ENRICO.
Thomas Moore.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who wrote the words of "The Last Rose of Summer?"
M. R.
Long Island City.



In a Trustful grasp and hearty, the lucky little Party
Is wand'ring round enjoying the Billion-Dollar Show.
While his ragged little neighbor, with a lot of misplaced labor,
Is hunting 'round for missiles and harsh epithets to throw.

A BROKEN PITCHER.



"Poor, old Twister, the pitcher,
seems all broken up."
"No wonder; he's got a glass arm."

PROMOTED.



Jumper Boss—Want work, Cap?
Thred Thompson—Call me General,
if you please. I was given de title
of Gen. Noosance dis morning by a
copper.

NO JUNE DAYS THERE.



New York Iceman—You know I'm
a New York Iceman and I suppose
you'll show me special favors.
Satan—Well, you won't cut much
ice down here!

MAKING TIME.



First Coon—Hey, dar, Rasmus,
wait a hurry!
Second Coon—I done promise Lisa
I'd be early fo' supper!

DISGUISED.



Smiles—Who's that sorrowful,
doleful, miserable little chap over
there?
Brown—Why, he's the great comic
artist on the Weekly Laughing Gas.

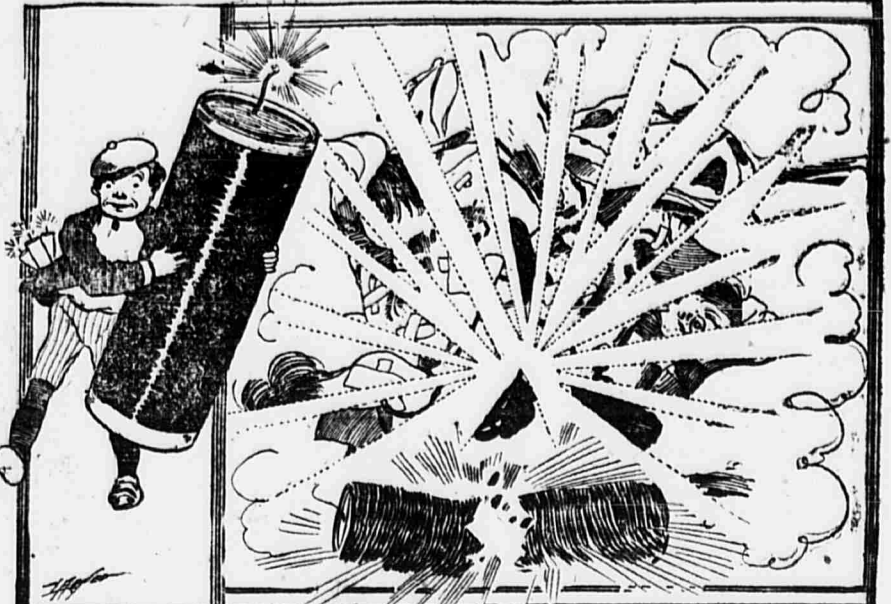
WIDE SCOPE.



Peggedout Peters—I'm a great
traveler, mum.
Mrs. Sharp—Yes, I 'spose you
bin' in pretty high every peniten-
shy in our great union.

ODDITY CORNER.

THE FIRECRACKER PUZZLE.



It is a pretty well understood fact that a lighted firecracker goes off nine times in ten, especially if it is in the hands of a small boy. Tommy, in this particular case, carried one that was larger than the ordinary size, with alarming results, not knowing that some bad boys had ignited it. In the flying bits from the exploding firecracker are concealed Tommy as he appeared after the wreckage. Cut them out and fit them together properly.

MADE BY US.

Three high-tension steam dynamos for one of the Liverpool corporation power stations are to be supplied by an American company at an approximate cost of \$250,000.

SEWAGE.

Plans for the destruction of sewage by cremation are now operated in ninety-seven cities of the United States.

ALL SHARPS.

The United States Weather Bureau employs more than 1,400 trained officials at 180 stations.

BASEBALL.

Five balls, says a baseball fan, will usually last out a game.

REMEMBER THE BAKER.

At the Court of Assizes in Venice, when sentence of death is about to be passed, a man clothed in a long black robe enters the court, and advancing to the bench, bows profoundly to the judges, saying: "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and retires. Here is the explanation of the custom: Three centuries ago a baker was executed at Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty, says Pearson's Weekly. When his innocence was fully proved the judges who condemned him invested a sum of money, the interest on which served to keep a lamp perpetually lighted in the Palace of Doges, this being called the "Lamp of Expiation." In addition, their fatal mistake has for 300 years been held up as a warning to their successors on the bench when they are about to inflict the extreme penalty of the law.

PAINLESS GRIEF.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal declares that he heard of a young clergyman the other day who startled his hearers at a funeral by beginning his address thus: "While there has been something discovered to relieve the pain of having teeth extracted, there has been nothing discovered as yet to allay the pain of parting with friends by death."

COCOANUTS.

Cocoon trees grow in large plantations close to the shore all over the Philippine Islands. Within the last twelve years the trade has increased tremendously. The product is periodically affected by heavy typhoons, but it requires only a few years to pick up again.

A SURPRISING BULLETIN.

The editor of a rural newspaper was in Philadelphia during the week following the shooting of President McKinley and noted with surprise the promptness of the newspapers here to bulletin-board the hourly reports of the President's condition, says the Philadelphia Times. He determined to adopt the idea on all important events when he should return home. Soon afterward he was told one morning by the local physician that Deacon Jones was seriously ill. The deacon was a man of some distinction in the community, so the editor posted a series of bulletins as follows:

10 A. M.—Deacon Jones no better.
11 A. M.—Deacon Jones has relapse.
12:30 P. M.—Deacon Jones weaker. Pulse falling.
1 P. M.—Deacon Jones has slight rally.
2:15 P. M.—Deacon Jones's family has been summoned.
3:10 P. M.—Deacon Jones has died and gone to heaven.
Later in the afternoon a traveling salesman happened by, stopped to read the bulletins, and, going to the bulletin board, made another report concerning the deceased. It was:
4:10 P. M.—Great excitement in heaven. Deacon Jones has not yet arrived.

BREWERS' AWFUL THIRST.

Milwaukee brewers are having trouble with their employees over the quantity of beer each man may be allowed to drink. The brewers are willing that each man should have two quarts at noon and two more at quitting time, but the men declare that they do not see how any man can get along with but four quarts of beer a day.

REMARKABLE HANGING STONE.



The hanging stone here shown is wedged fast between almost vertical cliffs. The path beneath it leads to Lippold's Cave, in the Dolomite Mountains, in the north of Germany. The cave consists of several small chambers connected by passages, and is entered by a ladder. One Lippold who inhabited the cave in the fourteenth century was a robber chieftain.

A TREE IN EACH PART.



This is the way the tenants divided the ground into four equal parts, so that each had a tree in his section.

BREAD BY WEIGHT.

By a new law in Montreal, Quebec, all bread must be sold by weight after Sept. 1 next, except fancy bread under one pound. The Council passed the law after a bitter contest lasting for months past between the races, the English bakers opposing it and the French bakers insisting that it must be enacted as a protection for the poor, who they claimed, have been frequently defrauded.